

FELL

1

WARREN ELLIS

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**PAGE ONE**

**Pic 1**

All the pages are built on a nine-panel grid. Because they scare me. And one of the kinds of establishing shot we're going to do, I'm going to call the PHOTO ESTABLISH.

Take one whole tier of the nine-pic-grid. On the left hand side of the grid, you have the image itself, in a frame, the size of two pics in the tier. So that's two thirds of the tier. In the dead space that's left, we put a yellow post-it note, with something scribbled on it, and that scribbled note is the caption. Imagine the photo's stuck on a wall, and the post-it note is stuck next to the photo to remind the owner of what it is. Yeah? Okay, me too, but I thought we'd try it. We'll try other things too.

And this, then, is the first PHOTO ESTABLISH: the most sinister, grey, awful five-floor tenement building you ever saw, under dull daylight.

CAPTION MY NEW HOME. I THINK MAYBE A LOT OF PEOPLE  
KILLED THEMSELVES HERE.

**Pic 2**

And from here, we go into the bottom six panels of the grid.

INT. APARTMENT: RICHARD FELL looking out the uncurtained window of the unfurnished apartment, his back to us. I'm trying not to type Flat. Apartment = Flat. Do you say Flat in Australia too? Anyway, he's standing there, and a withered little woman REALTOR is standing on profile to his side, holding a bunch of keys.

FELL CAN I MOVE MY STUFF IN TONIGHT?

REALTOR                      GIMME THE MONEY, YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU LIKE  
WITH IT.

REALTOR IF YOU'RE GONNA SHOOT PORNO, DON'T CLOG THE DRAINS.

**Pic 3**

Cut to: FELL, locking the door of his new place, APT 5B according to what's daubed on the door in orange paint. He looks over his shoulder as someone speaks. (NOTE: there's a paperback in his pocket.)

FROM OFF                      CLEAR THE WAY, BUDDY.  COMING THROUGH.

**Pic 4;**

Two ambulance men are wheeling a gurney out of a door across the hall, where a sour WOMAN in her fifties stands, smoking. There's a body on the gurney, but a sheet is pulled over it.

WOMAN HE JUST DROPPED DEAD. REALLY.

Continued over page

Page ONE continued

**Pic 5;**

Fell walks to the gurney, makes a face.

FELL                                      YOU SMELL THAT?

AMBULANCE GUY                      WHAT? WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

FELL                                      SORRY. DETECTIVE RICHARD FELL, JUST  
TRANSFERRED IN FROM OVER THE BRIDGE.

**Pic 6;**

He pulls back the sheet, leaning in and making a face. The guy, also in his fifties, appears to have died in unspeakable agony.

FELL                                      JESUS.

AMBULANCE GUY                      YEAH. HE DIDN'T GO EASY. SO?

FELL                                      SO I CAN SMELL WHISKY. BUT IT'S NOT...

**Pic 7**

The wife is defensive, one arm folded across her and the other holding his cigarette up close to her lips. Fell looks across at her, as she stands in her open door.

WIFE                                      HE WAS AN ALCOHOLIC SON OF A BITCH.

WIFE                                      SATAN'S GOING TO BE HUMMING HIM RIGHT IN THE  
BUNGHOLE FOR THE NEXT MILLION YEARS, YOU  
MARK MY WORDS.

WIFE                                      I LOVE JESUS.

## **PAGE TWO**

### **Pic 1;**

Over her shoulder: there's a kitchen counter just inside the door, and there are booze bottles (all wine) and tubes on it. And two big empty bottles of whiskey. I have a ref photo.

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 2;**

She steps behind the door, scowling out at us as she closes it.

WIFE                                      QUIT YOUR NOSING.

FELL (OFF)                                COME DOWN TO THE STATION LATER SO WE CAN  
TIDY THIS UP FOR YOU?

WIFE                                      MAYBE. DEVIL COP.

### **Pic 3;**

The ambulance guy grins. Fell, facing us, not sure what just happened, runs his hand through his hair.

FELL                                        DEVIL COP. I AM DEVIL COP NOW.

AMBULANCE GUY                        YOU WANT TO SNIFF DEAD GUY SOME MORE, OR...?

FELL                                        OH, GOD, I'M SORRY, YEAH, TAKE HIM. TELL THE  
CORONER TO CALL THE HOMICIDE DESK?

### **Pic 4;**

EXT. APARTMENT: Fell comes out of his front door, towards us – the top of his car in the foreground, he's walking towards it. On the right of the door (that's our right, the right-hand part of the panel), we can see part of something we're going to be seeing a lot of: THE SNOWTOWN TAG.

It's got to be pretty simple – and you'll see why later in the script, I don't want to give it away right now because I want you to have a reader's experience off this script, first time through. I'm thinking that if you take an X and superimpose a S on top of it, that's the basis of the tag design.

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 5;**

And he stops (put him on the hard left of the panel), turns his head to look at the tag, which we can now see in full, scrawled on the building's wall there.

*(no dialogue)*

Continued over page

Page TWO continued

**Pic 6;**

And as he walks around the car, his back to us (keeping him and a piece of the car in shot) we see something on the opposite side of the street. A NUN. Five feet tall, at best. Kind of an odd face, though we can't see it clearly at this point...

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 7;**

Fell looks up, brow furrowing...

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 8;**

And we close on the Nun. Who is wearing a full-face plastic Richard Nixon mask. Can't even see her eyes. There's a little hole in the mouth of the mask. Her wizened old-lady paw brings a cigarette up to it.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 9:**

He gets into his car, rattled. Be nice if we could still get part of the nun in this shot, just standing there staring at him... whack this panel out to bleed at right and bottom, if you like...

*(no dialogue)*

### **PAGE THREE**

**Pic 1;**

PHOTO ESTABLISH: Ext. MOON STREET PRECINCT HOUSE, the police station he's going to work out of. Here's a good weird cop shop –

[http://www.nyc.gov/html/lpc/html/designation/summaries/tenderloin\\_large.html](http://www.nyc.gov/html/lpc/html/designation/summaries/tenderloin_large.html)

Might be a good ref? Get a street sign into the shot, clearly reading MOON.

CAPTION                                      MOON ST. PRECINCT HOUSE - WHERE I WORK NOW.  
IT SMELLS LIKE A LEPER'S CESSPIT.

**Pic 2;**

And cut to: him on the street outside, taking a photo of it/us. He enjoys taking photos, you can see it in his crooked smile.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 3;**

FLASHBACK IMAGE: to when he was a boy. A POV shot of an older man standing in front of us, so tall to our eyes that the top border of the frame cuts off his head and shoulders, and his big hands hold an old Polaroid camera in them. Hairy hands, a wedding ring and another big ring, a big metal-band watch. It occurs to me that, since it's a flashback, you can render this panel any way you like to differentiate it from the rest. Do it in a childlike style? Collage? I don't give a fuck. Exaggerate the size of his dad? I know that when I was a kid, my dad seemed huge, and I associated things like big hairy arms, his big metal watch, with adulthood.

US/OFF                                      I LOVE YOUR CAMERA, POP.

POP    ME TOO. THE CAMERA NEVER LIES, SON.

**Pic 4;**

INT: HOMICIDE OFFICE: Which we'll establish in a minute, but first we're meeting the Lieutenant of detectives for this precinct, the cadaverous, grey, badly-ageing Lt. BEARD. He's grey, his hair is going grey, his eyes are grey, his suit and shirt and tie are grey, his skin is grey. He looks dead, frankly. In this image – he's sitting at a desk, looking up at us, and the only colour in him is the red rimming around his eyes. He's clearly been crying.

FROM OFF;                                  LT. BEARD?

BEARD                                      I'M NOT CRYING.

*Continued over page*

**Page THREE continued**

**Pic 5**

He stands up, weakly extends a hand for Fell to shake.

FELL                                I'M DETECTIVE FELL. WE SPOKE ON THE PHONE  
YESTERDAY?

BEARD                              YES. WELCOME TO THE MOON, DETECTIVE.

BEARD                              MILES FROM ANYWHERE, COLDER THAN ESKIMO  
NIPPLES, AND IF YOU BREATHE IN, YOU DIE.

**Pic 6;**

Okay: they're inside the LT's office, which is adjacent to the homicide bullpen space. The office has big windows, we see a few desks out there, empty, as Beard gestures at them.

BEARD                              YOU WANT A DESK? PICK ONE. YOU WANT TO WORK  
FROM A BAR? I DON'T CARE.

BEARD                              HERE'S THE THING. I HAVE EXACTLY THREE AND A  
HALF DETECTIVES TO COVER THE ENTIRE PRECINCT.

FELL                                THREE AND A HALF?

**Pic 7**

Beard rubs his face, a doomed look in his eyes.

BEARD                              OWLSLEY HAS NO LEGS. AND MY PRECINCT IS THE  
WHOLE OF SNOWTOWN. THIS ENTIRE FERAL LITTLE  
CITY.

BEARD                              SO, YOU KNOW WHAT? I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO  
YOUR JOB.

**PAGE FOUR**

**Pic 1;**

He stands up, leaning precariously over his little desk to peer at FELL.

BEARD

THAT'S ABOVE AND BEYOND YOUR APPARENT LITTLE UNDERSTANDING WITH THE COMMISSIONER.

BEARD

WORKING WITHOUT A PARTNER? I DON'T CARE.  
HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY.

**Pic 2;**

FLASHBACK IMAGE: An older, BLACK MAN in a hospital bed, a camera to his eye and pointing at us.

BLACK MAN

YOUNG GUYS LIKE YOU, RICH, YOU THINK YOU'LL REMEMBER EVERYTHING.

BLACK MAN

TOMORROW, I WON'T EVEN REMEMBER YOU CAME  
TO VISIT ME, PARTNER.

**Pic 3;**

CUT T0: Beard facing us, unsteady, hands on his desk, attempting a weak, sad, pathetic little smile.

BEARD

YOU SEE, WE CANNOT WIN. WE ARE IN HELL, YOU AND I.

BEARD

AND I THINK YOU WERE PROBABLY TRANSFERRED  
HERE SO THAT I DIDN'T DIE ALONE.

BEARD

AND I'M GRATEFUL FOR THAT. I THINK WE WILL BE FRIENDS.

**Pic 4;**

And collapses back into his chair.

BEARD

I HAVE TO TAKE QUITE A LOT OF PILLS NOW.

**Pic 5;**

CUT TO: Fell speaking to the desk clerk for the section, seated at a desk by the door and typing, not looking at him. Her name is VIOLET, though we don't learn it for a while. She's gorgeous. Looks like Bettie Page. Floral 50s dress and a little cardigan.

FELL

I DON'T GO ON DUTY UNTIL TOMORROW, BUT --

VIOLET

I DON'T CARE. MY HUSBAND LEFT ME.



Continued over page

Page FOUR continued

**Pic 6**

From behind her bowed head, we see Fell kinda rub the back of his neck, uncomfortable.

FELL                                      OH, HELL, I'M SORRY.

VIOLET                                  FOR THE DOG.

**Pic 7;**

Violet still doesn't look up at Fell, but she stops typing, and her red-fingernailed hands twist into claws of frustration.

FELL (OFF)                              ...FOR THE DOG.

VIOLET                                  THAT BITCH.

VIOLET                                  THAT PAMPERED WHORE, WITH HER FUR AND HER  
PRETTY LITTLE NAILS.

**Pic 8;**

She starts stabbing at the keys again, hunched over. FELL, wincing, turns towards us, starting to walk away.

VIOLET                                  AREN'T MY NAILS PRETTY ENOUGH? DIDN'T I WEAR  
THE SUIT FOR HIM?

FELL                                      ...I'M GOING FOR A DRINK. YOU'VE GOT MY  
CELLPHONE NUMBER, RIGHT?

**Pic 9**

Fell walks away towards us, with a just stunned look on his face, like he's been slapped right in the chops with a frying pan. It's one of those days.

VIOLET (OFF)                              MY THROAT IS RAW FROM THE BARKING.

FELL                                      RIGHT.

## **PAGE FIVE**

### **Pic 1**

PHOTO ESTABLISH: EXT. IDIOT'S BAR. It was renamed Idiot's after the previous owner won it in a bet from the original owner. Which you probably didn't need to know, but if I don't write it down I'll forget it. It's... I dunno. It's a bar. Make something up.

CAPTION

OH THANK GOD

### **Pic 2;**

INT BAR: MAYKO, wiping down the countertop with a wet cloth. Mid-twenties, Vietnamese by extraction, very attractive, shoulder-length dark hair, unbuttoned black shirt thrown over a vest-top, black jeans. I think maybe a scroll-like tattoo design on her collarbones, maybe roses and thorned twisted stems all in black and red... anyway, visible tattoo up there somewhere. She owns the bar, she's a regular character, and she looks at us with a crooked smile.

MAYKO

COP?

### **Pic 3;**

Fell's at the bar, and you can see he's groaning.

FELL

CHRIST, IS IT THAT OBVIOUS?

MAYKO

I'VE GOT EXPERIENCE. BUT I HAVE TO SAY, IT'S NOT OFTEN I GET COPS IN HERE.

FELL

I JUST MOVED IN AROUND THE CORNER.

### **Pic 4**

He sits at the counter – takes the paperback out of his jacket pocket.

MAYKO

YOU'RE FROM OVER THE BRIDGE.

FELL

YEAH. NEVER EVEN BEEN TO SNOWTOWN, AND NOW I'M WORKING HERE.

### **Pic 5;**

Paperback on the counter – it's called NLP: READING MINDS – he points at a beer tap as she grabs a pint glass.

MAYKO

IN AT THE DEEP END?

FELL

NAH. I WAS ON THE MAJOR CRIME SQUAD, BACK OVER THE BRIDGE. SNOWTOWN HOMICIDE'S UNDER

STRENGTH, I JUST GOT MOVED TO MAKE THE NUMBERS UP.

Continued over page

**Page FIVE continued**

**Pic 6;**

She hands him his beer, smiling wryly.

MAYKO

SOUNDS LIKE A STEP DOWN.

FELL

YES AND NO. IF YOU'RE AFTER PROMOTION, THIS IS A GREAT POSTING.

FELL

A TOWN WITH THIS FEW DETECTIVES, A GOOD ONE STANDS OUT A MILE.

**Pic 7;**

She looks at him, thinking. Odd gesture with her hands – she rubs the finger an engagement ring would go on – but there's no ring on that finger.

MAYKO

## AND ARE YOU A GOOD DETECTIVE?

FELL

I DO OKAY.

MAYKO

GO ON, I'M CURIOUS. WHAT MAKES YOU GOOD?

FELL

GOD, I DUNNO. I JUST LOOK FOR STUFF.

## **PAGE SIX**

### **Pic 1;**

Close on him, as he considers his beer.

FELL                                EVERYBODY'S HIDING SOMETHING.

### **Pic 2;**

And he looks up at Mayko, who frowns.

FELL                                YOUR DAD LEFT YOU THIS BAR?

MAYKO                            WHOA. WHAT?

### **Pic 3;**

She looks behind her, at the bar, as Fell points.

FELL                                DUSTY OLD FOOTBALL PICTURES. THE FAMILY  
PHOTOS ARE BLACK AND WHITE.

FELL                                THE ONLY DUSTED PHOTO IS THAT ONE, THE OLD  
VIETNAMESE GUY IN THE BLACK FRAME.

### **Pic 4:**

And Mayko looks down at her hands.

FELL                                AND THE KIND OF BARSTAFF THAT COVERS A QUIET  
AFTERNOON DOESN'T WIPE STUFF DOWN AS  
CAREFULLY AS YOU DO.

FELL                                AND YOU'VE BEEN DUMPED BY YOUR FIANCEE --  
WHO IS OBVIOUSLY INSANE -- AND YOU'VE BEEN  
TAKING MEDS TO DEAL.

### **Pic 5**

Fell drinks the top off his pint.

MAYKO                            GOD DAMN. YOU EXPLAIN THAT, OR I'M GOING TO  
THINK THIS IS A STUNT.

FELL                                THE RING. YOU'RE STILL NOT USED TO IT NOT  
BEING THERE.

### **Pic 6;**

He folds his arms on the bar by his pint, smiles. Not a snotty smile, not  
triumphant. Kind of tired, soft smile.



**PAGE SEVEN**

**Pic 1;**

Rich turns around to face her/us, Mayko leaning over the bar, her chin propped in her hand.

MAYKO I KNOW WHAT I MAKE OF HER. HOW ABOUT YOU?

FELL C'MON, YOU RUN A BAR, YOU'RE BOUND TO BE BETTER AT THIS THAN I AM...

MAYKO GO ON. I'M INTERESTED.

**Pic 2**

We're actually cutting the frame in half, down the middle. Capturing two different aspects of the girl. In this one, we can see a mass of old scarring down her forearm -- years ago, she spent a lot of time slashing across the top of her forearm, and now it's practically a stripe of scar tissue from wrist to elbow-crease.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 3;**

Other half of the frame: In this one, we see the necklace in her hand: it's one of those name necklaces, spelling the name STACY. Maybe you could do these two in pencil only? Greyscale.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 4;**

Rich turns back to his pint, scowling.

FELL I DON'T WANT TO PLAY.

MAYKO SHE'S LEAVING HOME.

FELL SHE **WAS** LEAVING HOME. SHE HAD TWO DRINKS TOO MANY AND NOW SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

**Pic 5;**

Mayko raises an eyebrow.

MAYKO SHE'S BEEN DUMPED BY HER BOYFRIEND.

FELL                                      COULD BE. IT'S PRETTY BAD FOR HER.

FELL                                      SHE USED TO CUT HERSELF. THINKING ABOUT  
STARTING AGAIN.

*Continued over page*

*Page SEVEN continued*

**Pic 6;**

Rich sinks about half his pint.

FELL                                      AND SHE'S UNDERAGE. DON'T GIVE HER ANY MORE  
TO DRINK.

MAYKO                                      SOMETIMES, FOR SOME PEOPLE, SEEING SOME  
BLOOD CAN MAKE THINGS BETTER.

FELL                                      THAT WHAT WORKED FOR YOU?

**Pic 7;**

She rolls up one sleeve – to show long scars on the inside of her forearm.  
Looking at him, eyes narrowed. Like she's working him out.

MAYKO                                      YOU LIKE DOING THAT, DON'T YOU?

FELL                                      WHAT?

MAYKO                                      BEING ABLE TO READ PEOPLE. LIKE IT'S A LITTLE  
BIT OF CONTROL.

**Pic 8**

He plonks the empty glass down, wiping the back of his hand across his mouth,  
looking at her unhappily.

FELL                                      BULLSHIT. IT'S JUST THE JOB.

MAYKO                                      IT'S THE PART OF THE JOB YOU LIKE. THE PART  
YOU'RE GOOD AT.

FELL                                      I'M SORRY, OKAY? IT'S BEEN A WEIRD DAY.

**Pic 9**

She rolls her sleeve back up. He watches.

MAYKO                                      MY BOYFRIEND HATED THESE.

FELL                                      I DON'T.

**Pic 10**

She cocks her head to one side. Deciding something about him.

MAYKO                                    I GET OFF AT SIX. WANT TO STICK AROUND?

**PAGE EIGHT**

**Pic 1;**

CUT T0: Fell and Mayko walking down the street away from us, reeling a little.

FELL                                    JESUS, I'M HALF-SMASHED ALREADY.

MAYKO                                MY PLACE IS ONLY A BLOCK AWAY. WE'LL FINISH YOU OFF THERE.

FELL                                    HEH.

**Pic 2**

CUT T0: A scrap of city map. Three blocks. On the block on the left, on the northern end, is an X with the scrawled note MY PLACE. On the block in the middle, on the southern stretch, is another X with the note IDIOT'S. On the one of the right, somewhere on a middle stretch, is an X marked MAYKO'S.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 3**

CUT T0: Fell and Mayko walking down the street -- and it's getting dark now -- and him pointing out the huge Snowtown tag on the wall they're passing.

FELL                                    WHAT IS THIS? IT'S EVERYWHERE.

MAYKO                                IT'S THE SNOWTOWN TAG.

**Pic 4;**

She runs her hand over the tag, there on the wall.

MAYKO                                YOU PUT IT UP, YOU BELONG TO SNOWTOWN.

MAYKO                                IF SNOWTOWN KNOWS WHO YOU ARE, IT WON'T COME AND GET YOU.

**Pic 5**

Fell makes a face.



FELL                                YOU'RE KIDDING ME.

MAYKO                            IT'S WHAT THEY SAY. PROTECTIVE MAGIC.

FELL                                YOU INTO THAT? BELIEVE THAT MAGIC STUFF?

*Continued over page*

*Page EIGHT continued*

**Pic 6**

She takes his hand and walks on, pulling him a bit.

MAYKO                            YOU STAY IN SNOWTOWN LONG ENOUGH, YOU'LL  
BELIEVE ANYTHING.

**Pic 7**

CUT TO: INT. MAYKO'S PLACE: in a comfortable, messy living room, in chairs facing each other, drinking, both pretty trashed, holding glasses. A few dead bottles on the low table between them. There are going to be a ton of books, and stacks of CDs, in cheap shelves, in piles...

Knock the bottom row of panels together to make this, a big wide panel, whacked out to bleed at left, right and bottom.

MAYKO                            THE THING IS... THE THING **IS**, THIS CITY'S JUST  
FALLEN APART.

FELL                                YEAH.

MAYKO                            FALLEN APART. WHOLE CHUNKS OF SNOWTOWN,  
THE UTILITIES ASSHOLES JUST DON'T GO IN.

MAYKO                            YOU KNOW, DOWN BY APRIL AND REGRET, THEY'RE  
HAVING TO USE A WELL FOR WATER?

**PAGE NINE**

**Pic 1;**

Fell rolls his eyes.

FELL                               THERE'S NOT A REGRET STREET IN SNOWTOWN.

MAYKO                            BET YOUR ASS THERE IS.

FELL                               REGRET STREET.

**Pic 2;**

She smiles over her drink at him, wry.

MAYKO                            THIS PLACE WAS BUILT BY MANIACS. YOU SHOULD  
DO THE HISTORY.

MAYKO                            S' WHY I'M SAYING. THIS TOWN'S GONNA GETCHA.  
YOU SHOULD GO BACK OVER THE BRIDGE.

**Pic 3;**

Drunkenly, he peers at the bottom of his glass, judging the last mouthful of  
booze.

FELL                               SEE, I SEE THAT. BUT I LIKE WORKING ALONE, AND I  
CAN DO THAT HERE.

FELL                               AND I LIKE PEOPLE. YOU KNOW? I LIKE WORKING  
WITH PEOPLE.

MAYKO (OFF)                    YOU LIKE MAKING PEOPLE TELL THE TRUTH.

**Pic 4**

She grins and points a drunken finger at him.

FELL (OFF)                      NO, NO.

MAYKO                            "EVERYBODY'S HIDING SOMETHING." YOU LIKE  
BREAKING PEOPLE. DON'T YOU?

MAYKO                                      GOOD FOR YOUR LITTLE EGO. THIS TOWN'S GONNA  
KILL YOU, DETECTIVE.

**Pic 5;**

He lurches up out of his chair, smiling.

FELL                                      IF I DON'T TAKE A LITTLE PISS IT'S GONNA KILL ME.  
DON'T GO AWAY.

*Continued over page*

*Page NINE continued*

**Pic 6;**

Mayko slumps down in her chair, suddenly looking very depressed.

MAYKO                                      IT'S GONNA KILL YOU UNLESS SOMEONE DOES  
SOMETHING.

**Pic 7**

Int. Bathroom -- bathroom cabinet mounted over the toilet, its door hanging open as he takes a piss.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 8**

He narrows his eyes to focus on us. If you want to play with his environment here, to suggest general pissedupness, go right ahead. Swirl things a bit, do the backgrounds in crayon, whatever... we were talking about a multimedia approach to this, so go for it, just lock it in by scene.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 9**

In the cabinet -- Lithium, Ablify, Diazepam, among others and the usual bathroom stuff...

*(no dialogue)*

## **PAGE TEN**

### **Pic 1;**

Cut to: Mayko, flicking a lighter. Her hair's fallen over her eyes – we can't really see her expression. This is a trick the Japanese use, and it can be quite creepy, in combination with limp, dead body language, which you can do in Pic 5...

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 2**

He comes out of the bathroom door, smiling, drunk...

*(no dialogue)*

### **Pic 3**

And she appears from nowhere and sinks a branding on to his neck. Made out of wire, a handle made out of duct tape. Imagine something like a toothbrush in shape, where the stem of the brush is a length of wire, and it's been bent around at the top to fashion the brand. There's a puff of smoke as it hits the side of his neck.

FELL

AAAAAA

### **Pic 4**

He screams, frantically trying to bat her off.

FELL

AAAAAOWWWW!

### **Pic 5**

She stands there, hair falling over her eyes, holding the red-hot makeshift branding iron, and her flaming lighter.

MAYKO

THERE.

MAYKO

THEY CAN'T GET YOU NOW.

### **Pic 6;**

He's on the floor, hand to his neck, wide-eyed, agonised and totally fucking confused.

FELL

WHAT?

**Pic 7**

Page-wide pic, whacked out to bleed at bottom, left and right: Fell out on the street, and it's night now, and he's walking from left to right in front of us, a side view of him, pulled back. Nothing but brick wall behind him. His hand's clamped to his neck, he's drunk off his arse and in serious pain.

FELL

OF COURSE SHE'S CRAZY

FELL

WHY WOULD I THINK THAT ANY GIRL I MET  
WOULDN'T BE CRAZY

**PAGE ELEVEN**

**Pic 1;**

And now he has to pull his cellphone out of his inside jacket pocket, pissed off.

FROM CELLPHONE  
USES)

(THE CRAPPY RINGTONE THAT NOBODY ELSE

**Pic 2;**

Grimacing as he brings the phone to his ear, on the branded side, by reflex.

PHONE

IS THAT DETECTIVE FELL?

FELL

I THINK SO.

PHONE

ARE YOU DRUNK?

**Pic 3**

Moving the phone to the other ear, scowling, still walking.

FELL

GOD, I HOPE SO.

PHONE

EXCELLENT. I'M CALLING ABOUT YOUR BODY.

FELL

MY BODY'S A MESS. AND I THINK I JUST GOT  
BRANDED.

**Pic 4**

Rubs his face, just utterly defeated now...

PHONE

THE BODY PICKED UP AT YOUR APARTMENT  
BUILDING, I BELIEVE. I'M THE CORONER, YOUNG  
MAN.

FELL

OH. YEAH. RIGHT.

PHONE

THE BODY. BLOOD ALCOHOL LEVEL OF 0.74.

**Pic 5**

FLASHBACK IMAGE: Page One, Pic 6.

VOICE (NO TAIL)                    AND NONE ON HIS MOUTH. WHAT DOES THAT  
MEAN?

VOICE (NO TAIL)                    IT MEANS HE INGESTED ENOUGH DRINK TO KILL  
TWO PEOPLE, BUT HE NEITHER DRANK NOR  
INJECTED IT.

VOICE (NO TAIL)                    I LEAVE IT WITH YOU, DETECTIVE.

*Continued over page*

*Page ELEVEN continued*

**Pic 6**

He walks past an alley, putting the phone back in his pocket, and hears --

FROM ALLEY                        I WANT YOUR STUFF AND I'M GONNA TAKE YOUR  
STUFF.

FROM ALLEY                        YOU GET AWAY FROM ME --

FROM ALLEY                        YOU WANT AN EXTRA MOUTH TO TALK YOUR TRASH  
FROM? THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

**Pic 7;**

Int. Alleyway: a tall, crazy street guy waves a knife at the girl from the  
bar, who's clutching her big bag.

STREET GUY                        I CAN'T HEAR YOU. THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

STREET GUY                        I'M GONNA CUT HOLES IN YOU AND BANG 'EM  
--

**Pic 8**

Fell moves into the alleyway,. Not too steady on his feet.

FELL                                HEY. BACK THE HELL OFF.

STREET GUY                        YOU KEEP WALKING, MISTER. THIS AIN'T FOR  
YOU.

**Pic 9**

Fell stretches out one arm, putting his hand on the alleyway wall, to keep  
himself upright.

FELL                                POLICE.

FELL

THROW THE GODDAMN KNIFE DOWN.

**PAGE TWELVE**

**Pic 1**

The street guy slashes out at Fell.

STREET GUY

YOU WANT SOME OF THIS?

FELL

GIMME THAT GODDAMN THING --

**Pic 2**

And slashes again, across FELL's chest, cutting his tie off, tearing his shirt and drawing blood. Knock the last two frames in the tier into one panel.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 3**

Knock the first two pics in the tier together for this one. Fell punches him in the face, but the street guy slashes again, across Fell's stomach, tearing the shirt and putting a deeper scratch in him.

STREET GUY;

YOU'RE SLOW -- UNF

**Pic 4;**

And the girl kicks the street guy in the ass, which makes him lean back, straighten up...

GIRL

YOU BASTARD!

**Pic 5;**

Cut the bottom tier into two equal-sized pics.

Fell takes the moment -- grabs the street guy by his lapels, or at least by the front of his clothes, and knees him in the nuts.

STREET GUY

OOCH

**Pic 6;**

Grabs his hair, pulls his head down and knees him in the face

FELL

YOU LIVING **FART**

STREET GUY

GNAA

### **PAGE THIRTEEN**

**Pic 1;**

Fell turns around, the street guy's knife now in his hand, and kicks his ass out of the alley.

FELL

I SEE YOU AGAIN AND I'LL SHOVE THIS UP YOUR ASS  
SO HARD IT'LL HIT YOU IN THE BACK OF THE TEETH!

**Pic 2;**

Fell slumps with his back to the wall (big Snowtown tag on the wall next to him), looking down at the mess he's in, gingerly touching the deeper scratch on his belly. Blood over his shirt.

FELL

JESUS.

**Pic 3;**

He looks over and up at the tag.

FELL

I COULD LEARN TO HATE THIS TOWN.

**Pic 4;**

He looks over at the girl, who's just staring, clutching her bag.

FELL

AND WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HANGING  
AROUND IN ALLEYWAYS?

GIRL

I CAN'T GO HOME.

GIRL

MY DAD'S DEAD.

**Pic 5;**

He slides down the wall.



FELL                                    AH, HELL.

FELL                                    WHAT HAPPENED?

**Pic 6;**

She sits down on the gravelly ground.

GIRL                                    HE DIED THIS MORNING. DRINK.

GIRL                                    HE WAS A SCUMBAG, BUT HE WAS MY DAD, YOU  
KNOW?

*Continued over page*

*Page THIRTEEN continued*

**Pic 7;**

Fingers the necklace around her neck.

GIRL                                    MY MOM NEVER LAID A FINGER ON ME LIKE HE DID,  
BUT SHE'S LIKE A HUNDRED TIMES WORSE.

GIRL                                    HE MADE THIS FOR ME LAST BIRTHDAY. SHE  
FORGOT IT.

FELL (OFF)                            DRANK HIMSELF TO DEATH?

**Pic 8**

Draws her knees up and hugs them. She suddenly looks very young.

GIRL                                    KINDA. HE HAD A DRINK PROBLEM, BUT HE  
COULDN'T ACTUALLY DRINK.

GIRL                                    ULCERS AND THAT ACID REFLUX THING. DRINK  
MADE HIM PUKE BLOOD.

**Pic 9;**

And something clicks in Fell's head, you can see it. His eyes narrow and focus.

GIRL (OFF)                            HE DOES -- DID -- THIS THING WITH BAGS AND PIPES?  
TO GET THE DRINK INTO HIM? JUST WINE, NOTHING  
STRONG.

GIRL (OFF)

I SAW HIM DO IT WHEN I WAS A KID, BUT THE LAST  
FEW YEARS, HE WOULDN'T LET ME SEE. I DON'T  
REMEMBER IT TOO WELL.

**PAGE FOURTEEN**

**Pic 1;**

REPEAT PAGE TWO Pic 1.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 2;**

Fell stands up, painfully. She looks up at him, wide-eyed.

FELL                                YOU LIVE AT 22 CLOCK, RIGHT? APARTMENT 5D?

GIRL                                HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT?

FELL                                I LIVE NEXT DOOR. AND YOU WERE GOING TO  
LEAVE, BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T LIVE WITH JUST  
YOUR MOM.

**Pic 3;**

He gets his cellphone out, face set.

FELL                                I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO.

FELL                                LET'S GO SEE YOUR MOM.

**Pic 4;**

EXT. FELL'S APT BUILDING: -- A POLICE CAR parked outside it.

VOICE (NO TAIL)                I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE HIDING.

**Pic 5;**

Fell stands in an apartment, blood all down his front, he hasn't gotten changed. Two uniformed cops standing behind him.

FELL IT TOOK ME A WHILE. BUT I WORKED IT OUT.

FELL YOU WANT TO TELL ME, OR DO I HAVE TO DRAG IT OUT OF YOU IN FRONT OF YOUR KID?

**Pic 6;**

And the wife from the apartment across the hall from Fell's place stands with her back to her kitchen counter, looking defiant.

WIFE I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

FELL YOUR HUSBAND. HE HAD A DRINK PROBLEM, BUT DRINKING MADE HIM THROW UP.

*Continued over page*

*Page FOURTEEN continued*

**Pic 7;**

To one side, the girl scowls at her mother, hating.

FELL (OFF) BEING GOOD WITH HIS HANDS, HE WORKED OUT A WAY TO GET THE ALCOHOL INTO HIS SYSTEM ANOTHER WAY.

FELL (OFF) NOTHING TOO STRONG. WINE. JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP HIMSELF STRAIGHT.

**Pic 8;**

And Fell opens the cupboard nearest the front door, the one nearest the counter we saw the bottles and shit on at the start. And sure enough, the pipes and bottles are in there.

FELL WINE ENEMAS.

**Pic 9**

He stands, glares into the wife's eyes.

FELL AND SOME DAYS, HE WAS TOO MESSED UP TO DO IT HIMSELF.

FELL

HOW DID THAT MAKE YOU FEEL? HAVING TO SHOVE  
A PIPE UP YOUR HUSBAND'S ASS JUST SO HE COULD  
FEEL NORMAL.

**PAGE FIFTEEN**

**Pic 1;**

Moves closer to her. She shows fear now, backs up.

FELL

SO MAYBE HE HAD A BAD MORNING. SHAKING,  
ANGRY, WEAK.

FELL  
OFF.

HE DIDN'T THREATEN YOU. HE JUST PISSED YOU

FELL

SO YOU GAVE HIM HIS ENEMA.

**Pic 2;**

Cut to the cupboard: two empty bottles of shit-brand whisky, and a pipe with  
crusted blood on the end.

FELL (OFF)

BUT YOU GAVE HIM TWO BOTTLES OF SCOTCH.

FELL (OFF)

KILLED HIM STONE DEAD.

**Pic 3;**

The wife looks to her child, plaintive. The child wishes she could kill the  
mother with a look.

WIFE

I DID IT FOR YOU, HONEY.

GIRL NO YOU DIDN'T.

WIFE I DID. HE WAS A BAD INFLUENCE. HE BEAT YOU.

**Pic 4;**

The lips peel back from the girl's teeth.

GIRL YEAH. HE BEAT ME. AND WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN I BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF HIM WHILE YOU WERE OFF AT THE GODDAMN CHURCH.

GIRL I HAVEN'T CUT MYSELF IN FOUR YEARS, MOM. I'M HOLDING IT TOGETHER.

**Pic 5;**

Fell winces, looks away.

GIRL (OFF) IF YOU WERE KILLING HIM FOR ME, YOU WOULD'VE DONE IT WHEN HE BROKE MY COLLARBONE THAT CHRISTMAS.

*Continued over page*

*Page FIFTEEN continued*

**Pic 6**

The wife turns and snarls at Fell.

WIFE JESUS TOLD ME TO DO IT.

WIFE NOW WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO?

**Pic 7;**

Fell's all out of energy. Turns away.

FELL GET YOU THE HELL AWAY FROM YOUR DAUGHTER.

FELL TAKE HER AWAY.

**Pic 8;**

The two cops pull the wife out the apartment door.

WIFE DEVIL COP.

FELL (OFF) EAT ME.

**Pic 9;**

The girl stands there, bag at her feet, wide-eyed.

GIRL

WHAT ABOUT ME?

## **PAGE SIXTEEN**

**Pic 1;**

Fell finds a very tired smile from somewhere deep inside.

FELL

SELL EVERYTHING, MOVE OVER THE BRIDGE, HAVE  
FUN.

FELL

G'NIGHT.

**Pic 2;**

He goes out the door, pulling it shut behind him.

GIRL (OFF)

OH MY GOD. REALLY?

FELL

REALLY.

FELL;

G'NIGHT.

**Pic 3;**

CUT TO; in his own apartment, lit by bare lights, still no furniture, he walks towards the window he first looked at, back on page one. His back to us.

FELL                      AH, HELL.

FELL I NEVER GOT TO MOVE MY STUFF IN...

**Pic 4;**

He stands in the window, craning his head to one side, looking at his reflection in the windowglass.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 5;**

Reflected in the glass: we see the angry red brand on his neck. And it's the Snowtown tag.

FELL JESUS, MAYKO...

**Pic 6;**

Hangs his head. Can't help but smile.

*(no dialogue)*

**Pic 7;**

Page-wide panel, whacked out to bleed: we stand behind him as he spreads his arms, hands on the windowglass, and looks out at the city.

FELL I GUESS I BELONG TO SNOWTOWN NOW.

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-- end
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